



THOMAS FOLEY.

Never Was There Such a Day in the Second When Rival Factions Turn Out to Demonstrate Their Force—Whole District Gay with Bunting and There Is No Telling What Will Happen When the Boys Come Home To-Night.

DIVER LAYOUT.

Beer—399 kegs.
Whiskey—501 quarts.
Red Wine—98 casks.
Soft Stuff—1 bottle of seltzer for the side.
Ale—50 half barrels.
Sandwiches—1 1-2 tons.
Bread for an emergency—Half dozen hard rolls.

FOLEY LAYOUT.

Beer—400 kegs.
Whiskey—500 quarts.
Soft Stuff—1 bottle of brown pop.
Rhine Wine—10 casks.
More Beer—100 kegs.
Sandwiches—2 tons.
Extra Bread—1 loaf.
Lemons—3.



PATRICK DIVER.

ed here and there. Nobody cared for the rain. Nearly all the streets of the district have been gayly decorated with bunting. The flags of Germany, Greece, Italy and Spain, interspersed with the Stars and the Stripes and the green banner of Ireland, were from the windows. The whole district is in holiday attire. Every one is smiling.

Cohorts on the March.

At 9:30 o'clock the Foley procession began to form. It was estimated that 5,000 men were in line, but by the time the marchers arrived at the piers this number was greatly increased. The men all wore white hats and carried light canes. There were five brass bands and five drum corps. The procession was led by Thomas Foley and "Big Tim" Sullivan. One of the features of the parade was an immense transparency on a wagon. Painted on it was a picture of "Paddy" Diver seated under a palm tree, supposed to be in California, and at one side were Fay, Dooley and Buckley, his former lieutenants, breaking stone in prison. Beneath was the inscription:

"We Don't Want Any More of This." Just before the procession started, Alderman "Pat" McCarthy, who has been a Diver man, joined the Foley ranks. The Foleyites marched to the foot of Roosevelt street, where the steamer Magenta, with two barges lashed to either side, was waiting for them. As they came in sight the last of a dozen brewery wagons that had unloaded hundreds of kegs of beer drove away. As it rattled down the street the crowd joined in one hilarious cheer.

Among those who saw the Foleyites off at the club-house were:

Deputy Commissioner of Police Dev-
erty, Acting Mayor Guggenheimer, Pres-
ident of the Board of Health John B. Sexton, Lawrence Delmonico, Timothy D. Sullivan, Timothy P. Sullivan, Florence Sullivan, Henry J. Padden, Michael Padden, Inspectors Cross, Thompson and Brooks, Police Capt. Donohue, Freden-
burgh, Delaney and Lantry, Alderman F. J. Smith, Alderman Kennedy, ex-
Alderman Quinlan, Daniel Valenti, the Italian leader, and a majority of the Councilmen.

The Foley party were to spend the day at Stimmel's Grove, Whitestone, L. I. Within three miles of them will be the Diver followers, at Witzel's Grove, College Point.

Where the Diverites Gathered.
At the Diver headquarters the crowds also gathered early. There was scarcely room for one to pass through the streets. They were just as enthusiastic as the Foleyites and cheered their leader when he came out of his home, No. 7 Madison street. Over his door-way he had suspended this device:

THIS IS WHERE DIVER LIVES.
TOM FOLEY LIVES AT
No. 22 West 156th street.

Another banner read "Paddy is the man; beat him if you can." From a gaudy banner this was flaunted:
Diver for you,
Diver for me,
He will have a wackie,
When the doors of the club-house were opened there was a rush for the

gray hats, the red, white and blue canes and the green badges with which each ticket-holder was provided. Timothy S. Payne was the Grand Marshal of the parade and the Committee of Arrangements was headed by Judge Herman Holte.

"It's a walkover," declared Benjamin F. Spellman, of the committee. "Nine-
teen out of the twenty election district
captains have stuck to Diver. We
have lost only twelve out of 90 mem-
bers of our association, and 50 new
members have come in and they can
paid their \$5 membership fee, showing
that they amount to something and are
not hired by us. On the other hand the
Foleyites have had to colonize the dis-
tricts and hire rooms to pack their
floaters in and we are going to show
all that. But they can't beat us even
with these men whom they have
brought into the district."

On to College Point.

When all was ready the Diverites
marched to the foot of Market street
and were conveyed by steamer and
barges to College Point.
The best of good nature prevailed this
morning when the rival processions
started out, and care was taken that
they should not run across each other
and thus for a certainty spoil the plea-
sure of the day for many a man. But
when they returned tonight it will be
different.
It is the intention then of each party to
march through the streets of the dis-
trict, and it is a certainty that they will
meet. By that time they will be
liquor will have had a chance. Well, it
may be all right, but some of the wise
ones are saying it is their cyclone
cellars are in good condition.
As a guarantee of good faith both or-
ganizations have begun to donate
will give away all of the bread that is
left over to the poor of the district to-
morrow.

Smashed Whiskey Bot-
tles in Place Opposite
Police Headquarters
and Created Panic in
Fourth Avenue Tav-
ern, Whose Patrons
Fled in Consterna-
tion.

Oh, I don't like dem minstrel shows.
An' I don't care much when de brass band blows.
A circus gives me a hemmidge.
Tany Pastor's makes me frown.
But it certainly does appeal to me
An' make my rag me hand's will give.
To think of de fun I'm goin' to see
When Carrie Nation comes to town.
—Sonnet of Billy Billy.

Carrie Nation did her first smashing
in New York this morning. Entering
Redden's saloon, at the corner of Hous-
ton and Mulberry streets, she picked up
two bottles of whiskey on the bar,
knocked them together and filled the
air with strong water and fragments of
glass.

A groan of agony went up from the
watchers, and the bartender made haste
to grab a bottle of gin and sequester
it in the ice-box.

"Bring on your hell broth!" yelled the
Kansas smasher, "and I'll spill it all."
Carrie was indeed a figure to com-
mand respect. She was soaked from
head to foot with the whiskey that had
escaped from the bottles and she smelled
like an east-side still. She mounted the
lunch counter and made a short address
on the evils of the rum habit to a cheer-
ing crowd of Headquarters hangers on.
Inspector Christie, who was officer in
the Headquarters building is just across
the street from the saloon, heard the noise.

He called the policeman on post and
instructed him to this effect:

Threat of Arrest.

"If this woman collects a crowd or
does anything that is disorderly under
the law, you are to arrest her and take
her to court."

Word of this was taken to Mrs. Na-
tion, and she touched only the high
places in her flight to Broadway. She
went to her hotel to divest herself of her
rum-soaked apparel prior to starting
out for a day at Coney island.

The smashing was the culmination of
a feverish morning spent in the news-
paper offices opposite Police Headquar-
ters. She had arisen early, breakfasted
at the Victoria Hotel, and started for
Headquarters with the intention of
bearing Deputy Commissioner Dev-
erty in his lair. The Deputy Commissioner
had not arrived, and she was assured
that there was no chance that he would
arrive while she was around.

Her first official act was to tear a
lighted cigarette from the astonished
viage of a long-legged newspaper re-
porter. She told him that if he persisted
in the cigarette habit he would certainly
wind up in jail.

No Excuse for Cigarettes.

"Madam," said the extended young
man, "I am a veteran of the Spanish
war. I contracted fever in Cuba, and
have to smoke cigarettes to keep alive."
"That's no excuse," she responded.
"You'd better be dead than in jail. If
you're sick you ought to take pills."

She was presented to a Headquarters
character known as Billy Billy, who
makes his living doing odd jobs for the
reporters. Billy recited his favorite
poem, "Jim the Collier's Son," and Mrs.
Nation gave him a hatchet.
"You don't smoke cigarettes, little
boy?" she asked inquiringly.
"No'm," responded Billy. "When I
was a kid I used to smoke cigarettes and
drink beer, but I quit when me mudder
died."

"And you have never smoked cigar-
ettes since?" asked Mrs. Nation.
"No'm," replied the artless Billy.
"Me worst vice now is hittin' de pipe."

Doesn't Object to High Kicking.

One of the reporters had lithographs
of scantily dressed burlesque dancers
plastered on the wall of his office. He
expected Mrs. Nation to tear them
down, but she did not. Each of them,
it happened, represented a woman with
one or more feet in the air.

"There's nothing bad about them,"
Mrs. Nation explained. "These exer-
cises are splendid. I exercise myself,
but always in private."

It came to her ears that the saloon-
keeper on the corner had made threats
of what he was going to do if she
would do some smashing in his place.
In reality, he had threatened to give
her \$50 if she would break his front
window with a hatchet. Possibly she
misunderstood the threat. At any rate
she went in and smashed the two bot-
tles of whiskey, as related above.

Descended on Fourth Ave. Saloon.
When Mrs. Nation arrived at Eighth
street on her way from Police Head-
quarters she spied an old saloon which
has been a landmark on Fourth avenue
for years.

She passed two policemen who stood
near the entrance, and going in through
the swinging doors she began to berate
the bartender. More than a dozen men
who were in the place fled.

"Well, your drunken customers are
gone anyway," said she, after a trade
against the sale of liquors and to-
bacco.

When the proprietor arrived he de-
clared that he would accept a warrant
and drive Carrie Nation out of town.

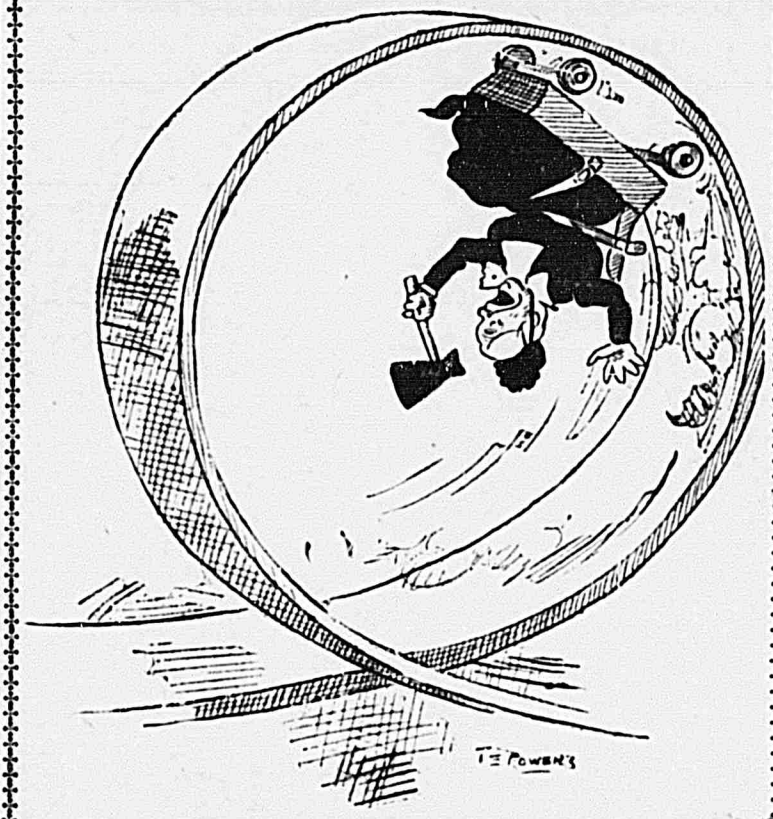
When Mrs. Nation got back to the
Victoria her manager, James E. Fur-
long, heaved a sigh of relief that waved
the window curtains. Mrs. Nation had
told him that she was going to do some
shopping. He did not know that she
was a lawbreaker.

For two hours previous to her return
he had stamped up and down the hotel
office, literally eating cigars. He was
just about to masticate one when Mrs.
Nation arrived. Instead, he jammed the
cigar into his pocket and greeted her
with a smile.

Rails Against Diana.

On the trip uptown in the street car
Mrs. Nation introduced herself to the
passengers, and she began her opinion
on things in general in a manner that
caused a great deal of amusement.
While passing the station she was
called to the station of the statue of
Diana on the tower of Madison Square
Garden.

"What a pity," she said, "that a
statue of a heathen god should be put
in the highest point in the city for
idolaters to worship."
"Diana was the goddess of purity,"
suggested a passenger.
"Goddess of nothin'," howled Mrs.
Nation. "Why, the going on in the



CARRIE LOOPS THE LOOP.



Takes a Ride on the Steeplechase.

temple of Diana in Athens was atro-
cious—worse than Topkap.

Accused by Brass Band.

Mrs. Nation did not emerge from the
seclusion of her apartment in the Victo-
ria until noon. She was dressed en-
tirely in black and wore an immense
white bow at her throat.

"My gracious," she said, "it took me
so long to scrub the odious odor of that
rum off of myself that I thought I'd
never be able to do it."

As Mrs. Nation reached the reception
room the sound of a band was heard in
Fifth avenue. The smasher secured a
large glass axe and went out on the
balcony to review the parade of the

House Smiths' Union, which was ap-
proaching. Her identity was disclosed
to the leader of the band, a courteous
gentleman of Irish extraction. Halting
his galaxy of musicians in front of the
hotel, he directed them to play that new
familiar and chaotic ballad, running:

"Good morning, Carrie,
How you feelin' dia morala,
I been a-dramin'
About you, baby, see.
Mrs. Nation was delighted. She waved
her ghillee axe in time with the music
and smiled expansively.
"Now ain't that nice," she remarked.
"New York ain't so bad, after all. I
think this having asking me how I am
this morning is perfectly lovely."

MORE BOXES OF GOLD
And Many Greenbacks.

To secure additional information di-
rectly from the people, it is proposed
to send little boxes of gold and green-
backs to persons who write the most
interesting, detailed and truthful de-
scriptions of their experience on the
following topics:

1. How have you been affected by
coffee drinking and by changing from
coffee to Postum?

2. Do you know any one who has
been driven away from Postum be-
cause it came to the table weak and
characterless at the first trial?

3. Did you set such a person right
regarding the easy way to make Pos-
tum clear, black and with a crisp
rich taste?

4. Have you ever found a better
way to make it than to use four heap-
ing teaspoonfuls to the pint of water
let stand on stove until real boiling
begins, then note the clock and allow
it to continue easy boiling full 15
minutes from that time, stirring down
occasionally? A piece of butter
about the size of a navy bean placed
in the pot will prevent boiling over.

5. Give names and account of those
you know to have been cured or
helped in health by the dismissal of
coffee and the daily use of Postum
Food Coffee in its place.

6. Write names and addresses of 20
friends who you believe would be
benefited by leaving off coffee. (Your
name will not be divulged to them.)

Address your letter to the Postum
Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.,
writing your own name and address
clearly.

Be honest and truthful; don't write
poetry or fanciful letters, just plain,
truthful statements.

Decision will be made between Oct.
30 and Nov. 10, 1901, by three judges,
not members of the Postum Cereal
Co., and a neat little box containing a
\$10 gold piece sent to each of the five
best writers, a box containing a \$5
gold piece to each of the 20 next best
writers, a \$2 greenback to each of the
100 next best, and a \$1 greenback to
each of the 200 next best writers,
making cash prizes distributed to 325
persons.

And every one interested in pure
food and drink is willing to have
their name and letter appear in the
papers for such help as it may offer
to the human race. However, a re-
quest to omit name will be respected.

Every friend of Postum is urged to
write, and each letter will be held in
high esteem by the company as an
evidence of such friendship, while
the little boxes of gold and envelopes
of money will reach many modest
writers whose plain and sensible let-
ters contain the facts desired, al-
though the sender may have but
small faith in winning at the time of
writing.

Talk this subject over with your
friends and see how many among you
can win prizes. It is a good, honest
competition and in the best kind of
a cause.

HAD WRANGLE
IN THE STREET

TWO MEN AND A WOMAN AR-
RESTED AT EARLY HOUR.

Conflicting Stories Told When All
Are Arraigned in the Police
Court.

Two well-dressed men and a handsome
and stylishly dressed woman were ar-
raigned before Magistrate Olmsted in
the Harlem Court today charged with
disorderly conduct. They gave the fol-
lowing names and addresses: James
Smith, thirty-two years old, of the As-
tor House; Arnold Farley, forty-nine, of
No. 33 West Sixty-fifth street, and Lily
Woods, twenty years old, of No. 210
West Twenty-first street.

Policeman Bernard Goldman, of the
West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth
street station, said that he saw the
two men and the woman at One Hun-
dred and Thirty-third street and Eighth
avenue at 3 o'clock this morning quar-
reling. Smith, he said, was trying to
pull the woman away from Farley, and
he arrested all three and took them to
the station-house, where they gave bond
for the morning.

Farley and the Woods woman told the
same story and corroborated the police-
man.
Smith said: "Last night a friend of
mine, a prominent builder, and myself
were riding. We stopped at a house at
One Hundred and Eleventh street and
Lenox avenue. There we met this man
and woman. They thrust themselves
upon us and insisted on drinking with
us. I took all of them in my ris and I
said, 'Thanking the Magistrate for his
consideration. After he had paid his
fine the defendant turned to Policeman
Goldman and said:

"Well, well, I have heard a good deal
about the police recently, but I did not
expect you to take such a course as
that."

It was learned that at the station-
house Farley gave the name of Forrest.
The policeman, Farley and the woman
left the court-house together.

OTHER NATIONAL LEAGUE
GAMES.

At Philadelphia—First game, Cincinnati, 3;
Philadelphia, 4.
At Boston—First game, Pittsburgh, 6; Boston, 2.

ROBBER
SENT BACK
THE JEWELS

Added Mystery in Theft of
Gems from Newark Wom-
an's Home.

The mystery surrounding the theft of
a quantity of valuable jewelry from the
residence of Charles H. Earle, at No. 361
Mount Prospect avenue, Newark,
N. J., deepened to-day when the stolen
jewelry, with the exception of a man's
diamond ring, was returned to the house
by mail.

The package was mailed in the New-
ark Post-Office.

On Saturday afternoon, when there
was no one at the Earle house, some one
entered the house, using a key, in a
hollow post in the headboard of the
bed in Mrs. Earle's room on the second
floor was concealed jewelry valued at
between \$2,500 and \$3,000.

The post was capped by an ornament
and this was removed by the thief, who
took the jewelry from its hiding-place
and made off with it.

The stolen articles included a pearl
sunburst with a 3-karat diamond in the
center, two diamond rings fastened for
a woman and a man's ring containing
three diamonds and worth \$150. It was
this last mentioned ring that was not
returned.

The family had only recently returned
from Europe and no servants had yet
been engaged. Mr. Earle is in the West
and Edwin Earle, a son, went to Long
Branch Saturday morning.

A friend of the family was in New
York all day. Besides these three per-
sons and Mrs. Earle no one was sup-
posed to have known of the hiding-
place in which the jewelry was kept.
Mrs. Earle discovered the robbery

when she returned home in the after-
noon. There were several articles of
jewelry on a dressing table in her room
and a considerable sum of money in a
drawer, but these were left untouched,
as well as a quantity of silverware on
the sideboard in the dining room. Mrs.
Earle, instead of notifying the police at
once, was so excited that she hurriedly
left town and went to the home of her
elder sister in East Orange. Later she and
her sister returned to the Earle resi-
dence and made another examination of
the house. The police did not hear of
the robbery until after midnight.

Detectives have been at work on the
case ever since, but it is said no clue
has been obtained.

SCORED CARNEGIE
AND THE TRUST.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 2.—To-day
witnessed the largest parade ever given
in Columbus on Labor Day, the number
of men in line being placed as high as
10,000. At the conclusion of the march-
ing, the workmen listened to several
speeches at Andrews's Grove.

President Cannon, of the Trades As-
sembly, made an attack on Andrew
Carnegie and the Steel Corporation.

TRAINS IN COLLISION.

One Man Killed, Many Injured at
Spring City.

PHOENIXVILLE, Pa., Sept. 2.—A
northbound passenger train on the
Schuylkill Valley Railroad collided with
a freight train to-day at Spring City,
near here. A number of persons were
slightly injured and several cars were
wrecked.

One of the freight cars was loaded
with cans of oil, which exploded, setting
fire to the train. While the wreckage
was being removed from the track one
of the cars slipped from the derrick,
killing George Graham, of Spring City,
and injuring three others.

BRITISH BARK ASHORE.

Osbergh Strikes San Nicolas Reef
Near Manila.

LONDON, Sept. 2.—A despatch from
Manila says that the British bark Os-
bergh, of Maitland, N. S., Capt. Mc-
Kenzie, from Newcastle, N. S. W.,
July 8, for Manila, is ashore on San
Nicolas Reef. Assistance has been sent

NEW ARREST MADE IN
GOLF CLUB MURDER CASE.

(Continued from First Page.)

done to death by some one in the club-
house.

"The evidence of burglars was fixed up
by the murderer or murderers to cover
up their tracks.

"There were no burglars in that house
on the night the murder was committed,
because the broken door and broken
windows through which the burglars
were supposed to have gained entrance
had been forced open from the inside."

"The cigars found on the floor of the
club-house were thrown there by the
murderer or murderers after they had
smoked the cigars, which were known to
have been in his possession."

A Pertinent Question.

"What would be the object of burglars
forcing an entrance into a club-house,
taking \$15 in money which was on the
ground, and then going to the attic and
deliberately killing two innocent ser-
vants because they happened to be in
the house?"

"No stock can be taken in the burglar
theory, for any one who knows the hab-
its of burglars knows that they are not
bent on murder, and that plenty of
them enter houses unarmed."

"Another fact that absolutely kills
the burglar theory, and which Stimmus
the cook, who is locked up at Police
Headquarters as a suspect, cannot ex-
plain, is how burglars could break open a
front door and smash a pane of glass
without his fox terrier, which slept
under his bed, hearing them."

"I had not been in the house two sec-
onds before that dog started to bark,
and when Detective Lynch entered the
room in the dark, where the dog was
tied to the bedpost, that canine showed
him his teeth and growled at him. That
dog is an excellent watch dog and no
dog can tell me that a stranger ever
entered that house without that dog
knowing it."

Still, Stimmus says that the dog didn't
bark and that the first he knew of the
ghostly murder was when he was
aroused at 1 o'clock in the morning and
heard Stevens moaning 'Oh, Scott! Oh,
Scott!'

No Stranger Was There.

Chief Foley is confident that the murder-
er or murderers who committed the
crime were acquainted with the Stimmus

watch-dog. No perfect stranger ever
broke into that place and killed two
men within fifteen feet of where that
dog was tied without the animal making
an outcry.

All night long Chief Foley and Coroner
Banning had Stimmus cajoled in the
Chief's private office trying to have him
admit that the burglars were there, as
they believe that he is holding the facts
from them. He is cool, and deliberate
and when cornered he simply gives, as
he says, "It's very singular."

"How do you explain the fact that
your dog didn't bark when these sus-
posed burglars and murderers were at
work in the club-house?" asked the
Chief.

"I don't know why the animal didn't
make an outcry, as he is the best of
watch dogs," answered Stimmus.
The prisoner still sticks to his burglar
theory. He will not listen to any
other theory and when questioned
closely as to some points that cannot be
readily explained he simply gives, as
he says, "It's very singular."

From the appearance of the night-
watchman, who returned to the house
after an effort had been made to rub
out the blood stains, which Stimmus says
he didn't know were there.

Chief Foley's examination of Stimmus's
feet and the discovery of bloodstains
has aroused the prisoner. He explained
the stains on his feet by saying: "I
must have got them when I entered the
room where the dead men were lying."

Chief Foley regards Stimmus as the
coolest man he ever saw under such
trying circumstances. When returned
to his cell at 3 o'clock this morning
Stimmus fell asleep and slept soundly.
Both the fact that he slept and the
finding of the bodies didn't inter-
fere with his sleep, and the only thing
which is that he was in the house
at the time of the crime.

Chief Foley has charge of the
bodies of the two victims, says that
on the scalp of both men are wounds
which were apparently inflicted with a
golf stick.

Joe Nelson Won Paced Race.
A large crowd witnessed the cycle
race at Valley View yesterday. Nelson's
brother Joe made a good start as a
pace-follower by defeating Harry
Edwards, of Brooklyn, by one and three-
quarter laps in a ten-mile amateur
motor-paced race. M. T. Love won the
amateur colored championship from R.
Brooks and then won the big ten-
mile open race.

Challenge for Seavannah Cup.

MONTREAL, Sept. 2.—Although offi-
cers of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht
Club refuse to make any official state-
ment, it is known that the challenge of
the Bridgeport (Conn.) Yacht Club has
been accepted by them for the Seavannah
Cup.

GAMBLER LAST
DOLLAR AND DIED

CARDS BROUGHT ILL LUCK
AND BRONX MAN TOOK ACID.

Sick Wife Who Had Given Him
Money He Lost Found
Him Dead.

Kallman Lasser, a collector for a
clothing-halter, committed suicide
this afternoon at his home, No.
300 Third avenue, by drinking carbolic
acid. Lasser's fondness for gambling
led him to kill himself.

His wife, who had been ill for some
time, gave him a dollar last night. He
went out and played cards and soon re-
turned home without any money. He
went into the bathroom this afternoon
and was gone so long that his wife
went in to look for him. She found
him dead on the floor with an empty
bottle by his side.

He left a letter to his wife which was
taken by the Coroner. Lasser was
thirty-five years old. He had three chil-
dren.

Port George Fakirs Who Ran Pen-
ny Gambling Machines Arrested.

Sylvester Carlotte, of No. 223 Wada-
worth avenue, and a man named Russo,
of One Hundred and Seventy-fourth
street and Amsterdam avenue, were
held in \$500 bail in the Harlem Court
to-day, charged with running a sort of
roulette wheel with prizes and a "fish-
ing pond," both of which were patron-
ized by children. Their stands were at
Port George and they charged a cent a
game with the machines. He was
two boys, Edward Boyle and Harry
Williamson, thirteen years old, were
witnesses. They testified to having
played the wheel and the fishing pond.

HAVE YOU AN OIL PAINTING OR
other rare article of value to dis-
pose of? Advertise it where the
people will see it—in the Sunday
World.